

A
SIMILE.



L O N D O N,

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A



STIMULE

LONDON
Printed by M. C. [illegible] 1850



A S I M I L E.

CORINNA in the Country bred

Harbour'd strange Notions in her Head,

Notions in Town quite out of fashion:

Such as that Love's a dang'rous Passion,

That Virtue is the Maiden's Jewel,

And to be safe, she must be cruel.

THUS

THUS arm'd she'ad long secur'd her Honour
From all Assaults yet made upon her,
Had scratch'd th' impetuous Captain's Hand,
Had torn the Lawyer's Gown and Band,
And Gold refus'd from Knights and Squires
To bribe her to her own Defires:
For, to say Truth, she thought it hard,
To be of Pleasures thus debarr'd,
She saw by others freely tasted,
So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and wasted:
Yet, notwithstanding her Condition,
Continu'd firm in Opposition.

AT length a Troop of Horse came down,
And quarter'd in a neighb'ring Town;
The Cornet he was tall and young,
And had a most bewitching Tongue.

They

They saw and lik'd: the Siege begun:
Each Hour he some advantage won.
He ogled first; --- she turn'd away; ---
But met his Eyes the following Day:
Then her reluctant Hand he seizes,
That soon she gives him, when he pleases;
Her ruby Lips he next attacks: ---
She struggles; --- in a while she smacks:
Her snowy breast he then invades; ---
That yeilds too after some Parades;
And of that Fortrefs once posselt,
He quickly masters all the rest.
No longer now a Dupe to Fame,
She smothers or resists her Flame,
But loves without or Fear or Shame.

So

So have I seen the Tory Race
Long in the Pouts for want of Place,
Never in Humour, never well,
Wishing for what they dar'd not tell,
Their Heads with Country-Notions fraught,
Notions in Town not worth a groat,
These Tenets all reluctant quit,
And step by step at last submit
To Reason, Eloquence and Pit.

At first to Hanover a Plum
Was sent; --- They said --- A trivial Sum,
But if he went one tittle further,
They vow'd and swore, they'd cry out murder;
Ere long a larger Sum is wanted;
They pish'd and frown'd --- but still they granted:

He push'd for more, and more agen ---

Well --- Mony's better sent, than Men:

Here Virtue made another Stand. ---

No --- not a Man shall leave the Land.

What? --- not one Regiment to Embden?

They start --- but now they're fairly hem'd in:

These soon, and many more are sent; ---

They're silent --- Silence gives Consent.

Our Troops they now can plainly see;

May Britain guard in Germany:

Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians

Are paid, t'oppose the French and Russians:

Nor scruple they with Truth to say,

They're fighting for America:

No more they make a Fiddle-Faddle

About an Hessian Horse, or Saddle;

No

No more of Continental Measures,

No more of waſting British Treasures;

Ten Millions, and a Vote of Credit. —

'Tis right --- He can't be wrong, who did it:

They're fairly ſous'd o'er head and ears,

And cur'd of all their ruſtick Fears.

